

# Weird Al Yankovic, Amish paradise

As I walk through the valley where I harvest my grain  
I take a look at my wife and realize she is very plain,  
But that's just perfect for an Amish like me  
You know I shun fancy things like electricity  
At four thirty in the morning I am milking cows  
Jabbadiah feeds the chickens an Jacob ploughs fool  
I've been milking and ploughing so long that  
even Hezekiel thinks that my mind is gone  
I 'm the man of the land  
I'm into discipline  
Got a bible in my hand and a beard on my chin  
But if I finish all of my chores and you finish thine  
Then tonight we're gonna party like in sixteen  
ninety nine  
We been spending most our lives  
Living in an Amish paradise  
A churn butter once or twice  
Living in an Amish paradise  
It's hard work and sacrifice  
Living in an Amish paradise  
We sell cruets of discount rice  
Living in an Amish paradise  
A local boy kicked me in the butt last week  
I just smiled at him  
and I turned the other cheek  
I really don't care in fact I wish him well  
Cause I will be laughing my head off  
When he's burning in hell  
but I have never punched a tourist even if he  
deserved it  
an Amish with a 'tude you know that's unheard of  
I never wear buttons but I got a cool hat  
and my homies agree  
I really look good in black  
fool  
if you come to visit you will be bored to tears  
we haven't even paid the phone bill in three  
hundred years  
But we aren't really quaint  
So please don't point and stare  
We're just technologicly impaired  
There's no phone,  
No life,  
No motorcar,  
Not a single luxury  
Like Robinson Crusoe  
It is primitive as can be  
We been spending most our lives  
Living in an Amish paradise  
We're just plain and simple guys  
Living in an Amish paradise  
There's no time for sin and vice  
Living in an Amish paradise  
We don't fight we all play nice  
Living in an Amish paradise  
Hitching up the buggy  
Churning lots of butter  
Rave the barn on Monday  
Soon I raise another  
Think you're really righteous  
Think you're pure of heart

Then I know I am a million times as humble as thou art  
I'm the palmaceous little which I wan't to be like  
on my knees day and night scoring points for the  
after life  
So don't be vain,  
And don't be whiny  
Or else my brother I might have to get medieval on your hiny  
We been spending most our lives  
Living in an Amish paradise  
We're all crazy mentalities  
Living in an Amish paradise  
There's no cops and traffic lights  
Living in an Amish paradise  
But you probably think it bites  
Living in an Amish paradise